

Title: NOTES

Author: Erstam

Decade 1: This is a new era for me. This newfound land is marvelous! A great destiny awaits our people and thee, Erstam! So much to learn from this land, I am overcome with joy. So much to learn about its fauna and flora, I must start early in the morning. Tonight sleep is not to be found. I must go out, explore and meet the creatures of the night.

2nd Year of Third Decade: Last night I decided to explore the catacombs of the city. I left as fast as I went in. This is not for a man of mine age. The place was filled with creatures unknown to me at this point. My mind doth not know how to describe them. The best description I can conjure is to say that they were some sort of monster, half-man half-rat.

4th Decade, 1st Year: I am still amazed at the variety and abundance of wildlife. Thy grip on nature is always fragile at first, Erstam, remember? As often as not, I would run into a monster or an unknown species. I vividly remember, dear reader, the strange cat I encountered tonight. It was eerie. The cat glowed like a spell. I left in great haste fearing for

my life. Such a cat must have a strange effect upon us. I wonder what deranged mind created such a danger.

5th Decade, Third Year:
Found some ruins not too far from here. Interesting discovery of a jawbone and large fangs. A relic from an ancient culture?

7th Decade, 4th Year:
Today, I encountered a strange white-haired creature from the icy lands; it seemed to be a cross between Man and Beast. Found the clue to how the Ophidians stepped from place to place without traveling through the space between. The answer lies in the Void!

2nd Year of the Eighth Decade: That was the most frightening time so far. Dearest reader, thou wilt not believe me, but let me assure thee of the veracity of this tale. I was wandering in the forest at the northeast edge of town, when I heard this stentorian noise, this growl. I was petrified. Directly in front of me, a terrifying predator, the beast stood erect on its feet, towering well over mine height. Its huge claws and sharp teeth sent a chill down my poor old spine. I still shiver thinking of it when writing these words. The creature lunged for my backpack, tore it asunder and devoured all of the honey jars I had saved for the outing.

6th Year of Eighth Decade: Those jealous mages stole some secrets and powers from me. They want the Teeth, I am certain of it! I shall

have to take up residence
on some isle, where they
cannot find me...

3rd Year of Ninth

Decade: I stood all night
working on a few
formulas. Dawn already.
What a chill bleak
morning. Need to throw
more wood in the fire.

4th Year of Ninth

Decade: Today, icy blew
the winds from beyond
the Frozen Lands. If this
lasts I will have to make
more dried meat. Food is
low. Need more firewood.

6th Year of Ninth

Decade: The day passed
rather rapidly,
uneventfully.

8th Year of the Ninth

Decade: What a beautiful
sunrise! I can almost
taste the salt breeze
from the sea. How
invigorating!